THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 8, 1807.

## *Interesting Dialogue between the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Mrs. Knowles, the ingenious Quaker.*

MR. BOSWELL, in his life of Dr. Johnson, relates a long conversation which took place at Mr. Dilly's, in April, 1778, between the doctor and Mrs. Knowles. The company consisted of Mr. Dilly, Dr. Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Mayo, the Rev. Mr. Beresford, tutor to the late duke of Bedford, Mr. Boswell, Mrs. Knowles, and Miss Seward. "Mrs. Knowles," says Boswell, "affected to complain that men had much more liberty than women."

*Dr. J.* Why, Madam, women have all the liberty they should wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses, we do every thing, in short, to pay our court to the women.

*Mrs. K.* The doctor reasons wittily, but not convincingly. Now, take the instance of building; the mason's wife if she is ever seen in liquor is ruined. The mason may get himself drunk as often as he pleases, with little loss of character; nay, may let his wife and children starve.

*Dr. J.* Madam, you must consider if the mason does get drunk himself, and let his wife and children starve, the parish will oblige him to find security for their maintainance. We have different modes of restraining evil. If we require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honour. And women have not the same temptations that we have; they may always live in virtuous company; men must mix in the world indiscriminately. If a woman has no inclination to do what is wrong, being secured from it is no restraint to her. I am at liberty to walk into the Thames; but if I were

to try it, my friends would restrain me in Bedlam, and I should be obliged to them.

*Mrs. K.* Still, doctor, I cannot help thinking it a hardship that more indulgence is allowed to men than women. It gives a superiority to men, to which I do not see how they are entitled.

*Dr. J.* It is plain, Madam, one or other must have the superiority.

*Mrs. K.* Well, I hope in another world the sexes will be equal.

In speaking of Soame Jenyns's "View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion," Boswell said to Mrs. Knowles, "*You* should like his book, Mrs. K. as it maintains, as you *friends* do, that courage is not a Christian virtue."

*Mrs. K.* Yes, indeed, I like him there; but I cannot agree with him, that friendship is not a Christian virtue.

*Dr. J.* Why, Madam, strictly speaking, he is right. All friendship is preferring the interest of a friend to the neglect, or perhaps against the interest of others; so that an old Greek said, "He that has friends has no friend!" Now Christianity recommends universal benevolence, to consider all men as our brethren, which is contrary to the virtue of friendships as described by the ancient philosophers. Surely, Madam, your sect must approve of this, for you call all men *friends*.

*Mrs. K.* We are commanded to do good to all men, "but especially to them who are of the household of faith."

*Dr. J.* Well, Madam, the household of faith is wide enough.

*Mrs. K.* But, doctor, our Saviour had twelve apostles, yet there was *one* whom he *loved*. John was the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

*Dr. J. (His eyes sparkling benignantly)* Very well, indeed, Madam. You have said very well.

The subject of death being mentioned, Boswell expressed a horror at the thought of it.

*Mrs. K.* Nay, thou shouldest not have a horror for what is the gate of life.

*Dr. J.* No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension.

*Mrs. K.* The scriptures tell us "the righteous shall have *hope* in his death."

*Dr. J.* Yes, Madam, that is, he shall not have despair. But consider, his hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised, that the mediation of our saviour shall be applied to us, namely, obedience; and where obedience has failed, then as suppletory to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience had been such as he would approve of in another, or even in himself upon close examination, or that his

his repentance has been such as not to require being repented of! No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation.

*Mrs. K.* But divine intimation of acceptance may be made to the soul.

*Dr. J.* Madam, it may; but I should not think the better of a man, who should tell me on his death-bed he was sure of salvation. A man cannot be sure himself that he has divine intimation of acceptance; much less can he make others sure that he has it.

*Mrs. K.* *(Seeming to enjoy a pleasing serenity in the persuasion of a benignant divine light.)* Does not St. Paul say, "I have fought the good fight of faith, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."

*Dr. J.* Yes, Madam, but here was a man inspired, a man who had been converted by supernatural interposition.

Mrs. Knowles mentioned as a proselyte to quakerism, Miss ——, a young lady well known to Dr. Johnson, for whom he had shewn much affection; while she ever had, and still retained, a great respect for him.

*Mrs. K.* Thy friend, Jenny H——, desires her kind respects to thee, doctor.

*Dr. J.* Tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

*Mrs. K.* This is a heavy charge, indeed; I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

*Dr. J.* You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

*Mrs. K.* I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

*Dr. J.* Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H. from the Christian religion.

*Mrs. K.* If thou really knewest what were the principles of the friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets, whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her *duty* so to do.

*Dr. J.* Pshaw! Pshaw!—an accountable creature!—Girls accountable creatures!—It was her duty to remain with the church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

*Mrs. K.* What, not for that she apprehended to be better? according to this rule, doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey,

it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian *evidence* might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction! and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy *conscience* have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

*Dr. J.* My conscience would not have been answerable.

*Mrs. K.* Whose then would?

*Dr. J.* Why the *state* to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state, as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our *duty*.

*Mrs. K.* A nation, or a state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a non-entity. Now, gentlemen, *can* your imagination body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people! Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent *machines*, called men? Surely the teeming brain of poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

*Dr. J.* I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

*Mrs. K.* True, doctor, I grant it, if *as* thou seemest to imply, a wench of twenty years be not a moral agent.

*Dr. J.* I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn quakers.

*Mrs. K.* This severe retort, doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of infidels or deists.

*Dr. J.* Certainly, I do think you little better than deists.

*Mrs. K.* This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least *expedient* to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular.

*Dr. J.* Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

*Mrs. K.* This reminds me of the language of the rabbis of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust our principles stand

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on the same solid foundation of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank: a teacher from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself, for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom!

The doctor again repeated, that he did not think the quakers deserved the name of Christians.

*Mrs. K.* Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors. Well, then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called quakers do verily believe in the holy scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostles' Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the resurrection of the body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the holy text; there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the creed. And now, doctor, can'st thou still deny to us the honourable title of Christians?

*Dr. J.* Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

*Mrs. K.* I hope, doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter!

*Dr. J.* Meet *her!* I never desire to meet fools any where.

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Mrs. Knowles was a native of Staffordshire, and the widow of Dr. Knowles, a much esteemed physician in London. Her parents being of the society of friends, she was carefully brought up in substantial and useful knowledge; but this alone could not satisfy her active mind; for she was long distinguished by various works in the polite arts of poetry, painting, and more especially the imitation of nature in needle-work. Some specimens of this last having been accidentally seen by their majesties', they expressed a wish to see her; and she was accordingly

accordingly presented in the simplicity of her quaker dress, and graciously received. This and subsequent interviews led to her grand undertaking, a representation of the king in needle-work, which she completed to their entire satisfaction, though she had never seen any thing of the kind.

We next find her accompanying her husband on a scientific tour through Holland, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the most distinguished personages, such as the prince and princes of Orange; at Versailles, to the messieurs and mesdames of the royal family; and at last she was admitted to the toilette of the late unfortunate queen, by her own desire. The appearance of quakers was to that princess quite a phenomenon, concerning whose tenets she was politely earnest for information, and acknowledged these heretics to be philosophers at least.

She wrote on various subjects, philosophical, theological, and poetical, some of which have been published with her name, but more anonymously; and it has been said, modestly retained in manuscript far more than has appeared before the public. When urged on this subject she would say, "Even arts and sciences are but evanescent splendid vanities, if unaccompanied by the Christian virtues!"

Mrs. Knowles died at her house in Ely Place, Holborn, on the 3d of February, 1807, aged upwards of 80 years!

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## THE RING,

### *A Moral Tale.*

**By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.**

*(Continued from Page 430.)*

"MERIT had lost no time in procuring the will, and acquainting Mr. Traverse; we next proceeded to the counsellor's chambers. On a relation of circumstances, he exclaimed—'I knew there was some mystery concealed!' and making some judicious remarks on the diabolical artifice of the nephew, congratulated Merit on the near possession of so ample a fortune, to which that will gave an indisputable claim; leaving the heir at law to that indigence his own baseness of heart had exposed him to; observing the hand of divine providence had been peculiarly active in my friend's favour, and should teach us never to despair. The counsellor proceeded with—

'There is little reason to suppose there will be any necessity now for instituting a law suit; the young man will see the propriety

priety of compliance. Bad as he is, and deserving of the worst, humanity still feels for his perilous situation; brought up as a gentleman, instructed in no profession, and destitute of the means of support, which, I trust, will recommend him to Mr. Merit's generosity.'

'The nephew of my deceased friend, Sir, cannot but have a claim on my generosity, on my love; and even now, stirs up in my bosom the feelings of a father, to pity and forgiveness. Had circumstances been reversed, he should have shared with me the last shilling. This fall from virtue, I deplore equally as a parent would; but he is still young, and the errors of the heart may be yet retrieved, and restored to their primitive lustre, by advice, protection, and cherishing him as a son. His uncle's cares now devolve on me; it has pleased the bounteous hand of Heaven to grant both the power and the will. I consider him as the dying legacy of a dearly beloved, and ever to be lamented friend, and solemnly pledge myself to act as a father to him during life; for so *that* friend would have acted by so near and dear a relative of mine.'

"We could not but concur in sentiments so just, so noble! but that *some* punishment was due to a crime of such magnitude. He had given undoubted proofs that *avarice* was his ruling passion; on this side he should be attacked as most vulnerable, and that depriving him of a part of this large fortune, would be the best means of making him feel the consequences of his own injustice; and therefore proposed an equal partition of the property for the present, leaving the future to Merit's generosity, and the young man's deservings. This proposal was reprobated with no small degree of warmth.

'What! gentlemen,' exclaimed my friend, 'would you make me an accomplice in villainy? *myself* violate the will of the dead? the very thought harrows up my soul! No! the 10,000l. left me by Mr. Goodman, on his nephew's own confession, will amply supply my wants, and greatly exceeds my wishes. This is mine, my *just right*, and I can enjoy it in the sublime ease of an *unreproaching conscience;* a safe and sure guide to happiness in the world to come! The rest I shall leave him in quiet possession of, with the hope also of conciliating his affections, and thereby obtaining a blessing Heaven has denied me, by embracing him as a son. Besides, if I am not too partial to myself, nature has given me abilities, and Heaven has raised me patronage and friends. Not to exert them then, would not only be an unpardonable indolence, but ingratitude to all. The interest of this noble legacy, together with the profits arising from the efforts of my pen, will support me in affluence; and, like a faithful steward, hope to restore the principal, not lessened, to the lawful heir, at my decease.'

" Every sentiment of this worthy man," continued his lordship, " raised him more and more in my esteem; and turning to him with a look of pleasantry, said, ' As he had openly avowed himself an author professionally, I should beg leave to remind him of his province—strictly to adhere to poetical *justice*. Would you not, Mr. Merit, severely punish this young man were you writing a tale of fiction?'

' If I did not, I should lay myself open to the lash of criticism; which imposes on an author the justice of rewarding virtue, and punishing vice, as a lesson of instruction, in support of morality; and pleasingly conveyed, the reader feels in himself a disposition to love it for its own sake. To hold the mirror up to nature is the greatest excellence in a poet; the brilliant flow of genuine wit strikes forcibly the idea, expands it, and seizes the mind by surprise; sentiment diffuses a generous warmth, and speaks feelingly to the heart; circumstances judiciously introduced, rouse attention, and character, pourtrayed by nature's pencil, gives a splendid finish to the whole; fiction, by the help of a lively imagination, leaves a lasting impression, by giving to fancy the appearance of truth, but without a passport from nature, an author can never reach the temple of fame; nature may be perverted, but never strays of herself. In the code of human probity, she cherishes virtue, and discountenances vice, nor is vindictively prone to revenge, leaving the latter to its own tribunal: to that court of equity, presiding in the heart of man—where *conscience* is judge, and from whose decision there is no appeal! Sense and reason substantiates the decree, and oh! how severe that punishment, innately felt to be *just!* to convince then as a poet, I must feel as a man; reality, in the present instance, takes simple nature for a guide, conscious of her own dignity, and spurning revenge, proudly exclaims—Forgiveness is the noblest virtue of the human heart! —'tis an attribute of the DEITY, the immediate influence of his divine majesty, and will, most assuredly, reascend to his throne! But an act of forgiveness should not be tarnished by unnecessary delay; it would rob generosity of her claim. Pardon me, gentlemen, in saying I would not add additional punishments to the feelings of this faulty young man, so dearly loved by my bounteous friend, for the world, by wantonly plunging him, but for a moment, into that earthly hell, the *tortures of suspence*. I would immediately go to him, and inform him personally of my intentions, but think it proper Mr. Traverse should see him first, and pave the way to what, I trust, will prove a happy meeting, and add to the comforts of my future life. His mind is now softened, tears evince it; nor will I rob the frank avowal he has made of its due merit—the overflowing of a *contrite heart*. There is rapture in the thought! and something tells me I am not deceived.'

" It being late, Mr. Traverse did not wait on the young gentleman 'till the next morning, and was then informed he was so extremely ill, that admission could not be allowed. He repeated his visits; the young man was light headed, and an intercourse impossible. Merit grew extremely alarmed; would attend at the house 'till he saw the physician, who informed him his patient's indisposition proceeded from a severe shock on the mind, which had greatly deranged the nervous system, and so reduced the animal spirits, that without the disorder shortly took a favourable turn, there would be apprehensions for his life; that he had hope of reducing the fever, but feared all his skill could not prevent a decline. My friend, almost distracted, insisted on remaining in the house, watching by him, and administering the medicines with his own hands; when the fever abating, he prudently kept out of sight, 'till an interview with Traverse could be brought about with safety; which restored his mind to some degree of repose. In the most humiliating manner, he implored forgiveness of his crime; blessed the hand that had, through the divine mercy, restored him a convert to virtue, from whose paths he never more would stray, and, by sincere repentance and contrition, make amends for the past. You may readily conceive the transport of this worthy man, whose mind still laboured under great anxiety, the invalid's recovery being very slow. As change of air became highly necessary, he was removed to Brompton, 'till, by easy stages, he could bear the fatigue of a journey into Hampshire, where he had a neat house, pleasantly and healthfully situated, whither my friend accompanied him. Having some business this way, and wishing to see a man I so much esteem, the morning after I left you, I sat off for the seat of Mr. Meanly. When alone, Merit pressed my hand, and, with a moistened eye, declared he had now been indulging himself in the fondlings of a father; that the young man was attached to him most affectionately, and that he as sincerely loved him as his own son. His mind tranquillized, contributed greatly to recovery, and his health was entirely restored. As the necessary transfer had not been made, the friends proposed returning to London, but the young gentleman wishing to pass a day or two with an old school-fellow, I prevailed with Merit to accompany me, and we have left him to follow. I must observe, that at the time I met him in this house, a few weeks since, he was awaiting here the arrival of a gentleman, settled in this town, an intimate of his in Lisbon, who was then absent from home; to this gentleman he is now gone, to acquaint him of the happy termination of his affairs."

His lordship thus concluded the poet's history; and as there was still considerable time to dinner, Truman pro-

posed to the earl visiting the manufactory, as before intended.

*(To be continued.)*

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## MEMOIRS *of* FREDERICK III. KING *of* PRUSSIA.

*(Concluded from Page 425.)*

OF the political conduct of the king of Prussia, since the new disputes in Europe, it is impossible that any impartial man can speak with praise. His majesty has resolved, he has retracted, he has wavered, and from this indecision he has fallen without maintaining that character which consoles greatness in distress. The instances of bad faith in princes throughout this memorable declaration cannot but shock every upright mind. The criminations and recriminations which it contains, almost make the reader exclaim, "A plague on both your houses." There is one passage we cannot forbear to transcribe: it refers to the treaty concluded in Paris with the Russian envoy, Monsieur d'Oubril. It is as follows: "By the treaty which the emperor of Russia has refused to ratify, France offered, in conjunction with Russia, to prevent Prussia from depriving the king of Sweden of his German territories—Yet, for many months the cabinet of St. Cloud had continually pressed the king to seize those states with the threefold view: First, to revenge himself on the king of Sweden; secondly, to embroil Prussia with all other powers; and thirdly, to purchase her silence with respect to the subversion of southern Germany. But the king had long been aware that such were the views of France, and his unfortunate dispute with Sweden was painful to him. He had, therefore, been careful to provide against every suspicion of self-interested motives, and he confided his explanations to the Emperor Alexander. The scene now again changed, and Napoleon, who had so long been the enemy of the king of Sweden, was suddenly transformed into his protector."

The Prussian declaration also says, "The king determined to continue the part he had acted for some time longer; wishing to preserve his force, now more than ever necessary to Europe, and at least to secure the tranquillity of the north, confirmed the new treaty. Confidence, however, was now utterly lost. Prussia was convinced that on the first opportunity to weaken her without danger, she might expect an attack from her pretended ally, convinced that there is a degree of ambition which nothing can satisfy, which proceeds without intermission, from usurpation to usurpation; sometimes without a plan, but ever intent on destruction, careless of the choice of means,

means, and employing alike arms or the pen, violence and oaths;" and again, his majesty's declaration asks, "Does any one wish to know what was the line by which it was hoped to gain the elector of Hesse, and what was the augmentation of territory, with which he was flattered? It was the prince of Orange, the brother in law of the king, that prince who had been twice deceived in the most shameless manner, who was now to be robbed the third time."

The king of Prussia, even while penning the declaration, was not insensible to the duty which custom imposes upon sovereigns, to adopt a language becoming their rank in the heat of their quarrels; for he says, "Another contrast of conduct incensed the king to the utmost. He received a letter from the emperor full of those assurances of esteem, which, certainly, when they do not accord with facts, are to be considered as nothing, but which the dignity of sovereigns renders a duty on themselves, even when on the eve of a war, &c. &c."

The king of Prussia observes that troops being marched from the interior of France towards the Rhine, cleared away the last doubt, as to the design of Bonaparte to attack his kingdom. The king, however, orders a note to be transmitted by General Knoblesdorff, containing the conditions on which he was ready to come to an accommodation. These were,

1st, That the French troops should immediately evacuate Germany.

2d, That France would oppose no obstacle to the formation of the northern confederacy; and that the confederacy might embrace all the larger and smaller states, not included in the fundamental act of the confederation of the Rhine.

3d, That a negociation should immediately be commenced, for the adjustment of all differences still in dispute; a preliminary article of which should be the restoration of the three abbeys, and the separation of the town of Wesel from the French empire.

The conditions (the declaration says) speak for themselves, the term fixed for the decision elapsed without any notice from the cabinet of St. Cloud, and the king confided his cause to arms.

If the maxim were true that "Heaven fights on the side of the just," then would Prussia have much cause for self-reproach; for a more decisive battle, and one more fraught with mischief to a state or empire, was never won or lost, than that which took place on the 14th of October last, between the armies of the king, and those of the emperor of France. The Prussians call it the battle of Jena: but the French distinguished it at first by the name of Auerstadt, because it was the place that the French centre, under the Emperor Napoleon, made the attack. It is not without remark, that the Prussians and French

designated the bloody conflict of this day by different names; for, with great propriety, it might be considered as two distinct battles. That of Auerstadt commenced at six in the morning, the other at Jena began half an hour later. The space between the two fields of battle is more than twelve miles, and both terminated completely in favour of the French. The emperor had under him Marshals Lannes, Ney, Augereau, and Soult, the former of whom opened the first fire, against which the Saxons made an intrepid stand. They were led on under their own generals; the Prussians were commanded by Prince Hohenloe, with Count Tauenzien under him. General Buchel had a reserve of fifteen thousand men engaged at Capellendorff, where the battle terminated about half after three o'clock in the afternoon. Auerstadt is nine English miles from Naumberg. The king of Prussia and duke of Brunswick, with their army, posted themselves between the villages of Poppelt, Trutchwitz, and Rehhausen. The first attack on the part of the Prussians was from the right wing under Count Wartensleben, whose onset was attended with considerable success; but he was soon constrained to relinquish these advantages. The Emperor Napoleon and the king of Prussia were not opposed to each other, as the centre of the army of the former was engaged at Jena, and that of the latter at Auerstadt.

Some days previous to the battle, it was evident that the Prussian army was too much extended; it concentrated itself from the two wings, drawing nearer to the centre. By this movement it fell into an error of the opposite extreme, and to this misfortune may be attributed the facility with which the French turned their flanks. It was the same calamitous circumstance that decided the battle at Presburgh; for the Prussians have, in this instance, allowed the French to practise a similar manœuvre against them, as defeated the Austrians in the same month and almost on the same day the preceding year. This advantage was calculated upon by the French, previous to the action with the Prussians; and a degree of irresolution, paralysing the army of the latter at the decisive moment, opened the way to the complete overthrow which followed. There was a hesitation among the commanders, whether to attack or wait the assault of the French. The order of battle was not generally approved of; and it is said a better was offered by a general of the first distinction in the Prussian army, with the concurrence of a Saxon artillerist of great eminence.

Although some of the causes which contributed to the disasters of this day, may never be known, yet it is obvious to the least discerning eye, that an unity of plan for the disposing of such a vast body of forces was wanting. It is said that on the morning of the battle, when a thick fog favoured the attacks

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of the French, the plan was essentially altered by the duke of Brunswick, and thereby much confusion was created in the first instance. Bonaparte appears to possess so creative a genius in the military science, that he brings a war to an end in seven days, which formerly took up as many years. The disorder into which the Prussian infantry was thrown, by this new mode of attack, rendered a retreat to the regular and orderly vanquished army, after the battle, utterly impossible. It was a total rout, which subjected the miserable Prussian soldiers to be cut down by the victorious French cavalry like corn before the sickle. The loss, according to the French accounts, was between thirty and forty thousand prisoners, among whom were twenty generals and thirty pair of colours, three hundred pieces of cannon, and immense magazines. The killed and wounded were estimated at twenty-five thousand. Above a fortnight after the action, the bodies of the slain lay piled in heaps for want of burial, as the neighbouring villages were all burnt or destroyed.

These losses, in the first act of the tragedy, diminished the confidence and ardour of the Prussian troops, throughout the whole kingdom, as is manifested by the spiritless defence evinced by the commanders of the strongest garrisons. The battle of one day may be said to have almost annihilated the whole Prussian armies, since there have been three towns only which have made a decent resistance to the besiegers.

Through what prism of hope the king of Prussia looked, when he refused Bonaparte's terms of an armistice, we cannot guess. No doubt his majesty was apprised that Lord Hutchinson, and other military commissioners, from England, were on the road to him, with offers from our government. He counts, likewise, no doubt, on the co-operation of a vast Russian army, the numbers of which, we hope, will not have been magnified beyond the reality. The assistance we can afford the king in his difficulties, is only by a loan, and the counsel of a few spirited warriors, who conquered in Egypt: of the reliance he makes on the Russians we hope he will be justified, The thread of his political existence is in the hands of Alexander; and if monarchs like other men could be treacherous and insensible to pity and the dictates of honour, a weighty bribe might occasion it to fall to the ground, never more to be taken up. But Bonaparte and Turkey have projects of magnitude before them! Or rather, Turkey is a game which Napoleon proposes to play off with honours. His first designs, in which Egypt was included, will never be given up. However gigantic, and even romantic his eastern speculation may appear to many, we have no doubt he will, at no great distance of time, resume it.

Such

Such is the unfortunate condition of the grandson of the greatest crowned head in Europe, so far as respected his own achievements. The most ancient subjects of the monarchy cordially sympathise with Frederick III. The newly acquired ones in Poland repose on the justice of Heaven, and, perhaps, expect and invoke from it the same fate on Frederick as Stanislaus experienced. There are such crimes as an odious perfidy, an oppressive injustice, and a sanguinary ambition in kings, as well as there are others, peculiar to inferior ranks of mankind. Monarchs should remember that the general interest is justice, which is in its nature immortal like truth. The conduct of Frederick William II. to the Poles has been a chief cause of the downfall of his throne in his successor. Success may give a momentary lustre to violence and rapine; may throw a brilliant lustre over injustice; but no force can, for a long time, controul public opinion: esteem, alone, renders authority permanent and tranquil, and glory solid and substantial.

The case of Frederick William is, however, not so desperate but that it is possible it may be recovered. He has gained much experience. He has shewn something like a firmness in adversity. Some of his friends dread that portion of rashness which marks his disposition. For our part we see nothing to apprehend on that score. Let him but consent to restore what his predecessor unjustly seized, and he has hitherto unlawfully retained; and we shall applaud that temerity which often, in the midst of perils, is exemplary wisdom.

The king of Prussia is in his 37th year, being born on the 3d of August, 1770. His Majesty is of the issue of the late king, by his second marriage, with the Princess Frederica of Hesse Darmstadt; he is consequently half-brother to her royal highness the duchess of York, who is by the same father, by his espousal of the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle. His majesty himself has four children by the Princess Louisa, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to whom he was married December 24, 1793:

1st, Frederick William, born October 15, 1795.
2d, Frederick William Lewis, born March 22, 1797.
3d, A princess, born July 14, 1798.
4th, Charles Alexander, born June 29, 1801.

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## *A* MATCH *for* CALEB QUOTEM.

THERE is a person resident in a small sea-port in Wales, who "deserves well of his country." He occupies and discharges the duties of the following thirteen offices, with great regularity, and to the satisfaction of all those who have occasion

occasion to transact business with him. He is, in the first place, clerk to the collector of the customs; then clerk to the excise office; and clerk to the justices: In addition to these his clerkships, he is parish clerk for the English service, and parish clerk for the Welsh service; clerk to the coaches, and clerk to the packets. He also keeps a lodging-house; is a notary public; an auctioneer; collector of the king's taxes; and sexton! Caleb was only *Quotem;* Mr. Owens is *Factotum.*

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## FASHIONS *for* JUNE.

The most prevailing and elegant London and Parisian Fashions, as described and represented by Prints in Bell's Monthly Publication of La Belle Assemblee, for the present Month.

### ENGLISH COSTUME.

*No.* 1.

MORNING WALKING DRESS.

A Plain round gown of French cambric, or jaconot muslin; long sleeve, wrapt front, and spencer back. Open shirt, frilled round the neck with scolloped lace. Mountain hat of straw, or imperial chip, trimmed with jonquille riband. Shoes and gloves to correspond. Flemish mantle of twill sarsnet. Gold hoop ear-rings; and patent parasol of shaded green.

*No.* 2.

FULL DRESS.

A round robe of white Italian crape over white sarsnet; with frock back, plain sleeve, and pointed front, trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with an elegant border, composed of the pearl bead, blended with green foil and gold. The robe confined at the centre of the bosom with a brooch formed of a single pearl. One row of the same forms the necklace, which is fastened with an emerald snap. Hoop ear-rings, and bracelets to correspond. Hair *à la madona* on the forehead, twisted behind, and flowing in full curls on the crown of the head; a bunch of white roses in front, inclining towards the right side. Gloves of French kid; shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. Square shawl of Chinese silk, with a rich pointed border, finished at each point with correspondent tassels. The style of wearing this graceful ornament is simply giving it a twist from the cross corners, and flinging it negligently over

the left shoulder; thus one point ornaments the figure behind, while the others, falling irregularly, form a drapery on the left side, and gracefully occupy the right hand. Chinese fan of frosted crape, with ivory sticks, carved in Egyptian characters.

*No.* 3.

PARISIAN FULL DRESS.

A round train dress of India muslin of the clearest texture, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom, and up the front, with a rich border composed of ruby foil, and gold embroidery; long waist and stiff stay; the dress formed with a round bosom, and cut so low as greatly to expose the bust; the back simply drawn to a point at the extremity of the waist behind, and finished with a short sash of white satin. A full sleeve, ornamented towards the bottom with a roll and tuft of satin, finished at the extreme edge, round, and across the bosom with a full trimming of the same, or with plaitings of French net. Hair in the eastern style, formed of the cable braid, bound and twisted on the forehead in alternate bands and knots, confined in a similar style behind with a caul of gold net. Ear-rings and necklace of rubies, set transparent, and linked with gold bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves; and white satin shoes, with gold rosets.

*No.* 4.

WALKING, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A Cossack spencer and cap of lilac twill sarsnet, ornamented with silk frogs, cords, and tassels of the same colour, high collar, and sleeve with full tops. A plain round dress of cambric, or simply open hemmed at the bottom, or let in with work or lace. Straw-coloured kid gloves, and shoes the colour of the spencer. Large parasol of the eastern form.

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## ANECDOTES *of* BONAPARTE.

[From Thornton's Sporting Tour in France.]

AT Paris we met with many English, who appeared particularly anxious to see the monthly parade, at which the first consul always attends. This was expected to take place on the following Sunday: but I was enabled, from private information, to inform the company it was postponed. And, indeed, it is by no means surprizing, that the chief consul, who dedicates so much of his time to public business, and makes

every other avocation a secondary object, should sometimes be under the necessity of changing the day set apart for this grand review. It is the opinion of some, that he has the real welfare of the country at heart, and that he admires show and ostentation no otherwise than as they conduce to the encouragement of the national manufactures. Having heard much of his habits of life, from General Moreau, who was intimately acquainted with him, I shall subjoin a few observations on the subject.

The first consul appears to be possessed of no passions except on business which relates to war or government. For instance, he cares but little for that amusement which he rather follows for bodily exercise and mental relaxation than for the pleasures *we* derive from the chase. Neither does he indulge in the least at table, or in the delights of the bottle; but his very soul seems absorbed in state affairs, and the grandeur of France appears to occupy the whole of his attention.

On the day of the monthly parade, after waiting some time, the doors were thrown open, and it was announced that the first consul was ready to receive us. We accordingly made our *entrée*, forming part of a well-dressed crowd of all nations. Bonaparte first entered into conversation with the Portuguese ambassador, and then proceeded round the circle, conducting himself with great affability towards each individual who was introduced to him. When he came to the English, most of whom were in military or naval uniforms, he addressed himself in particular to those who had been in Egypt. When it came to my turn to be presented, he noticed my medallion, and enquired into the meaning of it. I told him, the legend was the "triumph of truth," and that the medallion had been presented to me by the soldiers of the West York militia, when I was lieutenant-colonel of that regiment, as a testimony of their esteem for myself and family. Bonaparte immediately replied, with great animation, "Colonel, I admire such men;" and addressing himself to Mr. Merry, he continued, "Be pleased, Sir, to inform your countrymen, that I highly esteem their nation." He then proceeded regularly round the circle, conversing with every one, as I have before stated.

With respect to the person of Bonaparte, he is about five feet two inches and a half in height, and well-proportioned, but rather stooping. His complexion is sallow, his hair brown, and his eyes of a greenish hue, strongly indicating the constant pressure of important business on his mind. But his countenance, which I had a full opportunity of examining, is very animated; in his manner he appears quick, and discovers great energy in all his decisions.

*Answer, by Eliza, of Egg-Buckland, to J. Whitnell's Rebus, inserted March 9.*

YOUR parts combin'd will plainly show,
That well-known plant the MISLETOE.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Lewis, and H. Easter, of Poole; J. Stoneman, and H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; and W. Smith, of Plymouth-Dock.

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*Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to T. Rutger's Rebus, inserted March 9.*

O Thou! who reign'st supreme, in Heav'n thy throne,
And mak'st thy power and love to mortals known,
Give me a MIND obedient to thy will,
'Till death refines, and makes it purer still.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. D. of Bristol; J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse; Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Lewis, of Poole; and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.

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*Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. S.'s Charade, inserted March 16.*

DREAD WAR thro' Europe holds tyrannic sway,
And seems the TON of each succeeding day.

☞ Similar answers have been received from H. Stoneman, C. Saunders, and H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.

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*A* CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MY first in fish-ponds do abound;
My next's a word in play-books found;
These parts will name a well-known trade,
Which plainly answers my charade.

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*A* CHARADE, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

TRANSCENDENT first, by Heaven design'd,
The glory of the human mind
Thro' life's uneven road;
Hail lovely next! attend my call,
Illume and cheer my drooping soul,
And lift my thoughts above:
You will on Afric's sandy shore
The headland of my whole explore.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Whitnell, of Street.*

MY first, when found, will quickly show,
A place where villains dread to go;
And if my next you'd right disclose,
An English town you must transpose:
These parts explore, the same combine,
An English title you'll define.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## *The* DEATH *of* CHRIST.

THE saviour dies; mysterious theme!
How gracious is the plan!
The prince of life dies to redeem
His abject creature man.

The earth is with convulsions seiz'd,
The heavens refuse to shine,
Illumin'd seraphs stand amaz'd,
His love is so divine.

Shall harden'd rocks confess his pain,
And we nor feel, nor fear?
For love so great, who can refrain
To shed the grateful tear?

He grac'd the law, and life bestow'd,
By yielding up his breath;
Echo his praises, and record
The labours of his death.

He trod the bloody press alone,
And bruis'd the serpent's sting;
He vanquish'd death, and shook the throne
Of Hell's affrighted king.

'Tis finish'd, death and hell's subdu'd,
The suffering victor cried;
His love and wrath embrac'd in blood;
He conquer'd when he died.

*Dock, Devon.*

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## HOW-D'Y'-DO *and* GOOD-BYE.

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing, to disputing.

" Away! says How-d'y'-do, your mien
" Appals my cheerful nature;
" No name so sad as your's is seen
" In sorrow's nomenclature.

" Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
" Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
" Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
" Your mildew drops to fade it.

" Ere How-d'y'-do has tun'd each tongue,
" To hope's delightful measure,
" Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
" The knell of parting pleasure.

" From

" From sorrows past my chemic skill
" Draws smiles of consolation,
" While you from present joys distil
" The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true,
" And well your cause you've pleaded;
" But pray who'd think of How-d'y'-do
" Unless Good-bye preceded?

" Without my prior influence
" Could your's have ever flourish'd?
" And can your hand one hour dispense
" But those my tears have nourish'd?

" How oft, if at the court of love
" Concealment be the fashion,
" When How-d'y'do has fail'd to move,
" Good-bye reveals the passion.

" How oft when Cupid's fires decline,
" As every heart remembers,
" One sigh of mine, and only mine,
" Revives the dying embers.

" Go bid the timid lover chuse,
" And I'll resign my chatter,
" If he for ten kind How-d'y'-do's
" One kind Good-bye would barter.

" From love and friendship's kindred source
" We both derive existence,
" And they would both lose half their force
" Without our joint assistance.

" 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
" Since time, there's no denying,
" One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
" And t'other in Good-bye-ing."

## TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

LITTLE offspring of the tender spring,
By zephyr borne on flutt'ring wing;
Thine is Phœbus' cheering mien,
Thine is Ceres' golden reign,
The greenest grass thy humble bed,
On palest primrose rests thy head;
The sweetest gifts of bounteous earth,
That burst spontaneously to birth,
Or grow beneath man's fost'ring hand,
All for thee their buds expand.
For thee, in snowy vesture spread,
The lily rears its modest head;
For thee, around, the blushing rose
Its sweetest, softest fragrance throws;
When wearied, heavy hang the eyes,
The poppy then her pow'r applies,
Bids thy light wing to cease its flight,
'Till cheer'd by Sol's returning light.
And when stern winter's frowns severe
Proclaim how chang'd the smiling year,
Its chilling pow'r thou canst defy,
Give Sol a kind adieu—and die.

H. W. B.